

SOUTHERN TELEGRAPH.

"He that will not reason, is a bigot; he that cannot, is a fool; and he that dare not, is a slave."

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THE SOUTHERN TELEGRAPH

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POETRY.

WE have seldom seen a more spirit-stirring

description than the following, extracted from

Pringle's Sketches of Africa.—N. Y. E. Star.

A LION HUNT.

Mount—mount for the hunting—with muck

and spear!

Call our friends to the field, for the lion is near:

Call Arend, and Ekhard and Groepo to the spear;

Call Muller, and Coetzer, and Lucas Van Tour.

Ride up Eldon-Cleugh, and blow loudly the bu-

gle;

Call Slinger, and Allie, and Dikkop and Dugal;

And George, with the elephant gun on his shoul-

der—

In a perilous pinch, none is better or bolder.

In the gorge of the glen lie the bones of my steed,

And the hoofs of a heifer of father's land breed;

But mount, my brave boys, if our rides prove

true,

We'll soon make the spoiler his ravages rue.

Ho! the Hottentot lads have discovered his track;

To his den in the desert we'll follow him back;

But tighten your girths, and look well to your

stint,

For heavy and fresh are the villain's foot-prints.

Through the rocky kloof into gray Huntly-Glen,

Fast the wild olive clump, where the wolf has

his den,

By the black eagle's rock, at the foot of the fell,

We have track'd him, at length, to the buffalo's

well.

Now mark yonder brake where the blood-hounds

are howling,

And hark that hoarse sound, like the deep thun-

der growling:

'Tis his roar—'tis his voice— from your saddles

alight:

He's at bay in the brushwood, preparing for fight.

Leave the horses behind, and be still every man!

Let the Mullers and Romes advance in the van;

Keep fast in your ranks—by the yell of your

hound,

The savage, I guess, will be out with a bound.

He comes! the tall jungle before him loud crash-

ing,

His mane bristled fiercely, his fiery eyes flashing;

With a roar of disdain he leaps forth in his wrath,

To challenge the foe that dare 'leaguer his path.

He crouches—ay, now we'll see mischief, I dread;

Quick—level your rifles, and aim at his head:

Thrust forward the spears, and unsheathe every

knife—

St. George! he's upon us! now fire, lads, for life!

He's wounded—but yet he'll draw blood ere he

falls—

Hah! under his paw see Bezuidenhout sprawls—

Now, Dedrick! Christian! right in the brain

Plant each man his bullet—Hurrah! he is slain!

Bezuidenhout—up, man!—'tis only a scratch—

You were always a scamp, and have met with

your match?

What a glorious lion!—what sinews—what

claws—

And seven feet ten from the rump to the jaws!

His hide, with the paws and the bones of his skull,

With the spoils of the leopard and buffalo bull,

We'll send to Sir Walter—Now, boys, let us

dine,

And talk of our deeds o'er a flask of old wine.

GOOD NIGHT.

The clock strikes ten! it's warning sound

Repoves my long delay;

Yet who, from scenes where bliss is found,

Would wish to haste away?

And who would stop to count the hours

Where every path is strewn with flowers,

And bounteous prospects charm the sight?

Forgive my fault! Good night! Good night!

And oh, if other words than these

A warmer with convey,

My heart the welcome phrase would seize

Its feelings to portray:

Whatever comfort nature knows,

Whatever blessings heaven bestows,

May these thy peaceful heart invite

To constant joy. Good night! Good night!

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Last of the Iron Hearts.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'TALES OF THE NORTH-WEST.'

It is an ungrateful task to write an

Indian tale as it should be written; and,

what is more, the man is not in America

who can do it; or, if he be, he has not yet

made his appearance in print. So the

brave and unfortunate race, so deeply

wronged by our fathers and ourselves, pass

away and no data are left to posterity

by which to understand their character, save

the dull records of incompetent or one-sided

chroniclers, and the vague speculations of

hasty travellers most of whom are about

as much entitled to credit as Captain Hall.

We are not going into a dissertation, but

beg leave to assure our readers that the

Indian is not the ferocious brute of Hubbard

and Mather, or the brilliant, romantic, half-

French, half-Celtic Mohegan and Yemassee

created by Symmes and Cooper. How can

men, however talented, describe what they

never saw?

A plum-pudding cannot be made without

plums or a story, now-a-days, without a

sprinkling of what fools call love and wise

men, folly. Our tale, therefore, shall have

a little of the fashionable spice.

Once upon a time there lived among the

Yanktons of the far north-west, an amazon,

who, whatever mischief was done by her

eyes, certainly inflicted literal wounds with

her hands. Such things have been before;

we read of Clarinda, Camilla, and Marphisa

in ancient days, and are assured by Tyne

Power that the modern Irish women assist

their husbands in *faction fighting*, each

armed with a stone tied up in the foot of a

stocking. How much more likely, then,

that such characters should sometimes be

found among a people to whom refinement

is utterly unknown, with whom animal

bravery is the highest moral attribute, and

whose first lisped sounds are war and battle.

The Penthesilea in question was the

daughter of a tremendous warrior, who

never had fewer than three scalps drying

in the smoke of his lodge at a time, and she

had stood side by side in fight with her

father, and loaded one of his two guns before

she was fifteen years old. More; on the

same occasion she right valiantly knocked

two wounded men in the head with her own

(alas! not fair) hands, after the fray was

over. From that time she renounced the

avocations, and sometimes the garb, of her

sex. She rocked no cradle, her back bore

no burthen, her hand planted no corn,

dressed no robe, and wrought no moccasins.

She reined the steed, wielded the lance,

and drew the bow instead. She accompa-

nied war and hunting parties, and sat in the

councils of men, and in both situations her

merit was cordially acknowledged. For

all this she was especially qualified. The

daughter of a giant, she exceeded the stature

of her sex; trained to incessant exercise,

she was quite equal to the fatigues of war.

In council, taciturnity is the prime merit

of an Indian who has nothing to say, and

strange as it may seem, she was able to

hold her peace.

The main spring of this woman's character

was ambition. Conscious of powers in-

ferior to those of few men, she saw herself

doomed to be an Indian wife, that is, an in-

ferior being, a mere drudge, a bearer of

burthens, a hewer of wood and drawer of

water, the slave of an inferior, and the vic-

tim of his caprice. The proud and haughty

soul she received from her father revolted

at a lot so abject, and she possessed the only

qualities which could raise her above it,

namely, physical strength and determined

courage, active and passive.

The Fleet Foot (we will not inflict on our

readers the sequepidian torture of an In-

dian name) became the hate of the women

of her tribe and the admiration of its men.

For envy, petty malice, and calumny, she

cared nothing. She heard her name the

subject of rude praise, her deeds the themes

of rude song, her wisdom the admiration

of the old, and her beauty the discourse of

the young. She was eminently beautiful, that

is, if a form cast in a gigantic mould, of

perfect symmetry and very regular and very

dark features, can be said to make a woman

so. Before she was twenty, she was wooed

by half the males of the tribe who had any

pretensions to rank among its men, but to

none of them would she incline her ear,

gravely or seriously. To have married

would have been to lose her rank, to be-

come the Paria we have described an In-

dian wife to be. Therefore, she scoffed at

their proposals and returned their presents.

If they came to whine their love-sick duties

before her door, she broke their heads with

their own three-holed flutes, and if they per-

sisted, she shot their dogs and horses. Ne-

vertheless, so much was she annoyed, that

she was obliged to find an expedient to pre-

vent the nuisance at once and for ever.

Her tribe have a ceremony, or rather had

it (for it has for many years been obsolete)

of particular interest and importance to its

females. It was a dance of virgins. After

appropriate religious rites and dances, the

unmarried women advanced, one at a time,

into the centre of the assembled multitude,

and challenged each and all who knew any

thing against her maiden fame to declare it.

Were it his betrothed, any one having such

knowledge was bound in honor to proclaim

it without reservation. It may therefore

be supposed that many took no part in the

rite, and its manifest inconveniences have

caused it to be discontinued.

The Fleet Foot stepped into the circle,

drew up her commanding form to its full

height, and with mingled pride and dignity

addressed the crowd: "I have been for

these six years," she said, "a woman set

apart from women. In plain and forest, in

peace and war, in village and camp, my in-

tercourse has been wholly with the men.

The clear river is ruffled by the least breath;

the snow is sullied by the pressure of the

lightest foot. Let him breathe on the stream

of my life, and trample on the snow of my

character who can!"

There was a breathless silence, but no

one spoke.

Yanktons, that no man shall ever call me

wife, but he who shall be proclaimed the

best and bravest warrior of the tribe at its

council fire, or who can make me cast down

my eyes at the Ordeal of Maidens. I have

spoken."

A deep roar of approbation went up as

the martial maid retired from a purgation

not less terrible than the trial by fire of old.

Each warrior of repute now bethought him

how he should gain the name of the best of

his band. The young performed prodigies.

Those who slept in the shade of former lau-

rels; aroused to fresh and more terrible ac-

tion. Never before was the wail of Paw-

nee, Chippewa, Assiniboin widows heard

so far and so widely. Nevertheless, no

Yankton obtained the envied distinction.

As it could only be given by general suf-

frage, it was impossible that it could ever

be won by any individual of a tribe of emu-

lous and brave men. The stratagem of the

Fleet Foot was completely successful.

A year passed, and the emulation the

Minerva of the tribe had excited gave rise

to a savage order of chivalry, in comparison

with whose reckless contempt of death the

frantic valor of the Crusaders and the des-

peration of the Assassins, becomes reason

and common sense. Twelve warriors, ap-

proved the boldest and best of their race,

associated themselves with the avowed ob-

ject of winning the Fleet Foot, and the dan-

gerous title she had proposed as the price

of her hand. Their reputation being equal,

or nearly so, and the competition being nar-

rowed down to themselves, it was only with

each other they could strive. We must

describe the rite of initiation into the order

and its rules, in detail.

After fasting and praying three days and

nights, the band came forth before day, and

performed a solemn dance around a lofty